

EPILOGUE

behind in friendly offices—" *Eh bien,*" he said, "*je suppose qu'il faut lâcher votre camarade.*" And he tore up that feast of humour, the unfinished *procès-verbal*. Ah, if he had only torn up instead the *Arethusa's* roundels! There were many works burnt at Alexandria, there are many treasured in the British Museum, that I could better spare than the *procès-verbal* of Châtillon. Poor hubbuckled Commissary! I begin to be sorry that he never had his Michelet: perceiving in him fine human traits, a broad-based stupidity, a gusto in his magisterial functions, a taste for letters, a ready admiration for the admirable. And if he did not admire the *Arethusa*, he was not alone in that.

To the imprisoned one, shivering under the public covering, there came suddenly a noise of bolts and chains. He sprang to his feet, ready to welcome a companion in calamity; and instead of that, the door was flung wide, the friendly gendarme appeared above in the strong daylight, and with a magnificent gesture (being probably a student of the drama)—" *Vous êtes libre!*" he said.